

World to Me

Dustin Lynch

It's a middle of nowhere, nobody comes here town
You're either born and raised and you stay or you turn right around
Podunk, court house, stop light blinking
Four wheels, corn fields, I know what you're thinking

Who'd wanna live in this place
Who'd wanna suffer the fate
Of a life spent pulling a plow through the dirt
Who'd wanna put down roots in a blue collar suit
We do, and a few of us know what it's worth
A little buckshot dot on a map it might be
But it's the world to me

I know these hollers and hills and fields down to every square inch
I know every name sprayed in Dupont paint on that bridge
Had my first kiss, learned to shift gears on these back roads
All that and all of this makes me one of those

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It's those Friday night games
Billy's Tavern on Main
Where we got a cold beer after a hard day's work
It's who we are through and through
From our hats to our boots
It's the truth, and we all know what it's worth
A little buckshot dot on a map it might be
But it's the world to me

Oh, the world to me